

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Josephus loved to strut, and cry:
"No boy in town is rich as I!"

And vainly both his aunties tried
To break him of such foolish pride.

JOSEPHUS HYDE AND HIS SINFUL PRIDE.

His little playmates, in delight,
Made fun of him with all their might,

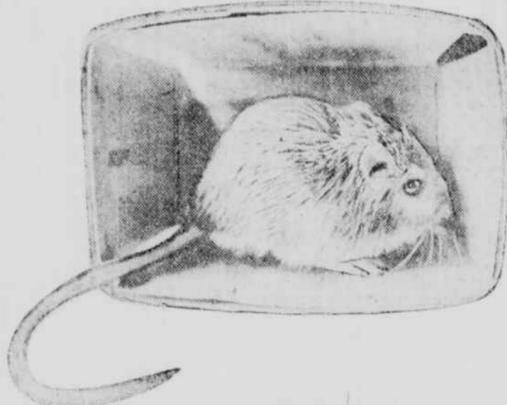
While he pretended not to see
Or sneered at them unpleasantly.

At length misfortunes came,—and left
Josephus of his wealth bereft!

He made his way,—but first of all
He learned:—Pride goes before a fall!

ELIZABETH KIRKMAN FITZGERALD

HERE'S A KANGAROO RAT



ACCOMPANYING this article is a photograph of an interesting little animal, the kangaroo rat, which was caught by one of an expedition of scientists in South America, whose sleeping quarters the animal insisted on frequenting in search of food. It would run about the tent, eating food placed for it, and soon became quite tame. This is supposed to be the only kangaroo rat in captivity, the animal being so difficult to capture.

Even now, although it has lived in captivity for about six years, it is never willingly handled, yet, when forcibly held, has never been known to bite, but, instead, it strikes out vigorously with its strong hind legs in much the same manner as the larger animal from which it derives its name.

Also like the kangaroo, it uses its tail as a means of balance. Its food consists mainly of grains and seeds, which it shells and stores in pouches, one of which lines either cheek.

When these are filled, and the animal teases, it ejects the contents from the mouth with considerable force.

A can of soil is placed in its quarters, into which it burrows until hidden from view. It remains in its cavern through the day, coming out at night to feed. It will feed from the hand, showing no fear until an attempt it made to hold it, when it will spring away. When given the run of the room it hops about in apparent delight, but to get it back to quarters calls for patience.

AN ORGAN GRINDER'S THANKSGIVING DAY LUCK

By DAVID CORY.

THANKSGIVING DAY was snowy And found he had no easy task,
And the wind blew chill and cold. The gobbler was so fleet.
And hungry and disheartened
Was the organ grinder old.

As poor Jocko looked about him
While his master played the song,
He saw a big, fat turkey,
Come hurrying along.

No doubt he'd only just escaped
From out the butcher shop—
At any rate, I guess he knew
He had no time to stop!

"Go catch the turkey, Jocko!"
Cried the hungry organ man;
"I'll stuff him full of chestnuts
And roast him in a pan!"

Away brave little Jocko went
Across the slippery street,

Just then around the corner
A motor car came by;
The turkey gobbler lost his head!—
He never found out why!

The little frightened monkey
Stood still a moment; then
He picked the turkey gobbler up
And hurried back again.

The poor old organ grinder
Stopped playing with surprise,
For when he saw that turkey
He could scarcely trust his eyes.

Then he lifted up his organ
And gave little Jock a pat.
"Let's go home," he said, "for dinner,
And cook this gobbler fat!"

A Ghost Story.

By REMIE WARD (age 8).

Frances's mother and father had gone away and left her alone and told her not to go out of the house until they came home, which would be 5 o'clock.

Frances was left standing at the

door watching her mother and father till they were out of sight.

Then she went in and shut and bolted the door. She was only eight years old, but was not afraid to stay alone.

She read a little while, then set the table for supper. After that she played with her paper dolls. She

looked at the clock and it was 5 o'clock, and she noticed that it was getting dark. The maid had gone out for the afternoon, and as Frances had been forbidden to touch matches she could not have the gas lighted.

Her father and mother would have been home earlier but that the train had been delayed.

It began to rain. Frances knew she should close the attic window, for her mother's dress was hanging by the window. But she was afraid to go into the attic in the dark.

However, she crawled up the stairs quietly and quickly closed the window and then started running toward the stairs. But she happened to glance over in the corner, and there saw something white. Then she heard a noise. She was so frightened she fell to the floor.

When her father and mother came home they called and called Frances, but no one answered. They searched the house in vain until they came to the attic, where they found Frances lying on the floor with her dress over her head. When she told her mother about the ghost she had seen her mother laughed and pointed to the white curtain in one of the windows, which was what Frances had seen.

Poor Frances was sick for a week with fright.

Father Time.

By MARION V. R. HEATH (age 11).

"You are old," the cupid said.
But Father Time just shook his head.
"I am not sad. As come the years
"Wisdom comes to calm my fears."

The Ice Cave Adventure

By DONALD DRUMMOND.

WHEN Tom and White Eagle set out to find the Rain Cloud's other lost daughter—the one that was caught by the Great White Bear from the North—the little Indian took along a box of matches.

"It's very dark and cold in her house," he explained. "And besides, Fellow Cloud says no one ever should go into the woods or the mountains without being prepared to make a fire."

"Well, if we're going into a dark place we had better take a lantern," said Tom. "I can get one of father's mine lanterns."

"Oh, we don't need it," said White Eagle. "I'll make a lantern when we get there."

Go to Red Gorge.

They hurried out of town and to the Red Gorge. It was a longer trip than either of the others, for they passed the Witch's Kitchen, the Singer That

place in the floor and Tom stumbled and fell.

"Ice!" he cried as he scrambled to his feet. "It's right here on the floor. I felt it with my hand."

It really was ice. White Eagle held up the torch and a strange and beautiful sight met their eyes. From floor to ceiling of the cave, rising in a sharp slope, was a wall of ice—clear, sparkling ice which glistened in the light like a wall of diamonds.

"For goodness' sake!" Tom gasped. "How did it get in here?"

"Well, you see, it was this way," began White Eagle. "The white man says there is a hole in the roof of this cave, and water from a spring runs into it. Now, you know, it's very cold here in winter, so as fast as water from the spring runs in here it freezes, so that in cold weather the whole cave is filled with ice. And in the summer time, because the sun can't get in here to melt it, the ice stays here. Only a part of it melts, and there is ice here



WHITE EAGLE SHOWS TOM THE ICE CAVE.

Never Sleeps and the Rain Cloud's daughter they had already found—the one that fell from the top of the gorge and was turned into mist by the wind.

At last the Indian boy led the way into a little gap in the wall of the gorge and the boys found themselves in a tiny canyon where it was gloomy and chilly.

Where the Sun Never Shines.
"We shall find her now," said White Eagle. "This is the place—here where the sun never shines. If the sun could get in here he would set her free, Yellow Cloud says, but he can't get in. The place is too narrow, and then there are rocks hanging over the top. Oh, here's her home!"

They entered a dark cave, the door of which was about as high as a man's head.

"My goodness!" Tom exclaimed. "It's cold in here. And it's too dark. We should have brought a lantern."

"No, just wait a minute," said White Eagle. "I'll fix that." He left the cave and ran back to the gorge, returning soon with a pine knot on which were several lumps of resin. When set on fire it made an excellent torch, much brighter than a lantern.

"Now come on," said the little Indian. And they started into the dismal cavern.

Find Ice Cave.
The floor of the cave near the entrance was perfectly level. At one side a tiny stream of water trickled along a crack in the rock and made its way out into the gorge. As the boys went further the air became colder and Tom's teeth chattered as he trudged along. Finally they came to a rough

Tale Sounds Untree.
"I say that will be great," Tom answered. "And I say I'm glad to be here in the warm sun again, too. I'm certainly glad we went in there. I wonder if the boys back in New York will believe it when I write to them about a cave where ice grows?"

Where Santa Makes His Toys

By CHRISTINE A. VALLEAU.

ELIZABETH and some other little girls had been invited to spend Saturday afternoon at Grace's house. "Bring your doll," Grace had said, "and we'll play house."

Elizabeth had five dolls, but Marjory was the only one she ever played with. Marjory wasn't the biggest, but she was the prettiest—she had lovely dark curls and dark eyes and bright pink cheeks—and was Elizabeth's favorite. Elizabeth changed the other dolls' dresses every once in a while, and sometimes put them to bed, but as for washing their faces and feeding them, and curling their hair and making new clothes for them—why, she never thought of such a thing. She spent most of her time looking out for Marjory.

Friday afternoon, when Elizabeth came home from school, she washed and ironed Marjory's best white dress and her white silk coat, for she wanted her to look very nice the next afternoon. After dinner every evening, just before her own bedtime, she undressed Marjory and put her to bed, too.

"I'll wash her face to-night," she said to her mother that evening, "so I won't have to do it to-morrow. To-morrow morning I'll have to dress her and curl her hair."

Broken to Bits.

Then she got a basin of warm water and some soap and a wash cloth and began to scrub Marjory's pink cheeks. She had forgotten to have a towel ready to dry the doll's face, so when she had finished scrubbing she laid her on the table and turned to go to the closet where the towels are kept. She had no sooner turned her back than she was startled by a crash. Marjory, whom she had left just a little too near the edge of the table, had fallen to the floor. Her little china head was broken to bits and one foot was knocked off.

"Oh, mother!" cried poor Elizabeth between sobs, "look at Marjory, she's all broken."

Then father appeared in the doorway. "What's the matter, Betty?" he asked.

"My doll fell on the floor, and she's all broken. What'll I do?"

No More Toys from Germany.
"Do?" said her father. "You can't do anything as far as I can see. How did she happen to fall on the floor?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth. "I left her on the table and went to get a towel and she just fell while I wasn't looking."

"Well, that's too bad," said her



EACH ONE OF ALL THESE ROCKING HORSES MUST HAVE A BRIDLE,—ELSE HOW COULD YOU RIDE?

father, sympathetically. "But I guess you must have left her too close to the edge. I don't see how she could have fallen otherwise. 'You'll have to take better care of your family than that, Elizabeth," he added, jokingly. "If the war doesn't stop, you may never get any more dolls. All of them are made in Germany and Germany's not sending us any now."

"No more dolls!" cried Elizabeth. "What'll we do?"

Every single year Santa Claus had brought her a doll for Christmas. Wouldn't even he be able to get any this year? she wondered. Of course, it didn't matter much, for no other doll could ever quite take Marjory's place. Still—

"No more dolls," repeated her father, "or drums, or rocking horses, or any kind of toys—at least, not from Germany."

A New Place for Santa Claus.
"Well, doesn't anybody in America know how to make toys?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, they do—I was just going to tell you about it. There is a place in Massachusetts, called Winchendon, where toys are being made constantly. You see, people said, 'If we

can't get any more toys from Germany, we'll have to make them ourselves.' So they started right in."

"Did you ever hear of a place in Germany called Nuremberg? Well, that is where most of your toys have come from. And Winchendon is turning out so many and such lovely toys now that it is being called 'The Nuremberg of America.' People are working there night and day to supply the demand for toys."

He went to his desk and fished around among his papers. Finally he found what he was looking for. "Here," he said, "are some pictures of the factories in Winchendon where the toys are made. Here you see some women putting bridles on the rocking horses, and in the other one they have gathered all the toys together and are putting the finishing touches on them."

Elizabeth was very much interested. "But why do they have to work all night?" she asked. "Is that the only place in America where they make toys?"

"No, that's not the only place, but it's the principal one. And, of course, as soon as they have a large supply of toys on hand they won't have to work so hard.

"They have made something I wish you could see," he continued, "—and ride on. It is a huge rocking horse that stands on the grass by the side of the road right opposite the station. Every afternoon the children come there and ride it. Some time, perhaps, I'll take you there to see it, for it really is worth looking at."

By the time Elizabeth's father had finished telling her about Winchendon and its rocking horse and all its toys she had almost—not quite—forgotten poor Marjory.

The next morning she took another of her dolls and went over to Grace's house. The girls, of course, asked her what had happened to Marjory, and instead of spending her afternoon mourning over her, she told them all about Winchendon and its toys, as her father had told her.

Puzzle.

By ANNE MAURY (age 12).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead the place where horses sleep and you have an article of furniture. Again and you have the word for can.
2. Behead a necessary piece of china

and you have tardy. Again and you will find the word meaning to have eaten.
3. Behead a locomotive and you have something which farmers are glad to

see. Again and you will find the Scotch word for own.
4. Behead a path and you have part of a wooden fence; on... more and you have the word for fill.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE WOMEN PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES TO SOME TOY STORES AND HOUSES WHICH HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER IN ONE BIG ROOM.